



"Why William Stubbs! What would your father say
if he caught you fishing on Sunday?"

TIMKEN

BEARINGS & AXLES



Literally, You Ride on the Bearings!

THE actual size of the bearings is small; they are hidden away in the hubs of the wheels; good bearings need scarcely a thought. Yet they support the entire weight of the motor car—whether a light runabout or a heavily loaded truck.

Every roller in a Timken Bearing (average size for pleasure car) revolves 3.59 times during each revolution of the wheel, two thousand and thirteen times each mile of travel.

In 153,618 miles covered by N. W. Curson's car, in and out of Sacramento, each 4/10-inch roller has turned 309,229,008 times. Yet his Timken Bearings are still giving perfect service.

Curson's mileage record is extra long. Few would care to drive that far. Yet you do want to know that the bearings will stand up and give satisfactory service for the life-time of your car. Because cars today are being built for years of work.

Timken Tapered Roller Bearings have many records of long, severe service. In every part of the land motor car enthusiasts will tell you of the satisfaction they give.

Timken Bearings keep transmission, driving shaft, axle shafts, driving and differential gears, working with that smooth, "sweet," quiet uniformity that delights the "motor-wise" owner.

They withstand tremendous shocks, end-thrusts and stresses which would otherwise rack the entire vehicle as it bumps over a stone, drops into a rut, or swings rapidly 'round a corner.

Timken Tapered Roller Bearings do these things not only when they are new, but during the entire life of the car.

Get the whole interesting story of axles and bearings in greater detail by writing for the Timken Primers, H-3 "On the Care and Character of Bearings," and H-4 "On the Anatomy of Automobile Axles." Sent free, postpaid, from either address below.

The Timken Roller Bearing Co., Canton, Ohio
The Timken-Detroit Axle Co., Detroit, Mich.



Houses

HOUSES are used to dot landscapes with, to pay taxes upon (if you can scrape enough money together), and to keep rainstorms, cyclones, hurricanes, mosquitoes, book agents, and callers from obtruding upon you too intimately.

Houses are composed of lath and plaster, wood, nails, and mortgages. A house without a mortgage is generally owned by a man without an auto. Some houses are made from cement which is nothing but a species of glorified mud pie.

All houses began originally as caves and were used by primitive man. The only difference, indeed, between a primitive man and a modern man is in the architect's fee.

A house is built by contractors at the instigation of an architect, who begins by the statement that it will cost as much as he says it will. Every architect to be successful, therefore, must have two accomplishments; he must be an architect and an accomplished liar.

Houses have roofs over them to keep out the water and cellars below them to keep it in. They are usually filled with furniture, women's hats, people, and unpaid bills. Sometimes they also contain servants and suffragettes—but never together.



"NOW LOOK WAT DAT SUFFRAGETTE
BUSINESS LEADS TO."

The Difference Between Men and Women

As long as boys and girls run about in the dirt, and trundle hoops together, they are both precisely alike. If you catch up one-half of these creatures, and train them to a particular set of actions and opinions, and the other half to a perfectly opposite set, of course their understandings will differ, as one or the other sort of occupations has called this or that talent into action. There is surely no occasion to go into the deeper or more abstruse reasoning in order to explain so very simple a phenomenon.

—Sydney Smith.



Autowline is Under a Cushion Till You Need It

Then you do need it!

Neat, compact. Takes up no room; weighs only 5 pounds, but pulls a 4000-pound car up a 20 per cent grade. Why buy so many other accessories and overlook this convenient wire towline? It costs only \$3.75, at your dealer's.

Baseline Autowline is 25 feet of Flexible
Patented Yellow Strand Wire Rope



Trade Mark Registered

It's the same celebrated rope that is digging the Panama Canal and built the Woolworth Building—size for size the strongest wire rope on earth. You can attach in a minute for towing or for starting a stalled car on its own power.

FREE—Write today for the fully illustrated Autowline circular.

The Little Steel Rope with the Big Pull
BRODERICK & BASCOM ROPE CO.
809 N. 2d St. St. Louis, Mo.
New York Office: 76C Warren St.
Manufacturers of Famous Yellow Strand Wire Rope.



Right Drive Models — Left Drive Models

The ONLY car offering choice of drive. On both, control of the change gear lever is by the Right Hand, the safest and most natural arrangement.

Why is the Locomobile the easiest riding of all cars?

One very good reason is that the spare tires and rims are carried at the rear of the car instead of at the side.

This arrangement balances the weight perfectly so that all springs act equally and the result is a firm, smooth riding car.

When the tires are carried at the side, as in other cars, the over-hanging weight makes it necessary to put stronger springs on that side of the car, thus interfering with the fullest development of easy riding and making it impossible to secure as nice a balance as when the tires are carried at the rear.

Test the Locomobile for easy riding against any other car under any and all conditions. You will find it more restful and more luxurious than any other.

SIX CYLINDER MODELS **'38' Right Drive Models and Left Drive Models**
'48' Right Drive Models and Left Drive Models

1914 Advance Folder Mailed on Application

The Locomobile Company of America, Bridgeport, Conn.
MOTOR CARS AND MOTOR TRUCKS

BRANCHES:	New York	Chicago	Philadelphia	Boston	Washington	Baltimore	San Francisco
	St. Louis	Atlanta	Pittsburgh	Minneapolis	Bridgeport	Los Angeles	Oakland



In Summer Love
Is Ever Rife
Which You Can Prove
By Next Week's

Life

This is not a special number. During this frivolous summer period, all specials have been deferred. It is just a frivolous, near-humorous number.



Early

In the autumn the greatest aggregation of superbly scintillating special numbers of LIFE will begin to enlighten a waiting world.

The first week in October the great War Number. After this number has been issued war will no longer be possible. This issue will be the greatest boom that peace has ever had.

Right after the War Number, the Pro-Suffrage Number. This number will be in favor of Woman Suffrage. Some time ago we extended an invitation to all friends of the cause of woman to contribute, and the result is surprising.

To be followed by: an Army Number, celebrating the Boys in Khaki; and a Navy Number, celebrating Jack Tar.

After This, we hope and fear, the Humorous Number will come, but we make no promises.

Every Tuesday
All News-stands
Ten Cents

Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26). Send LIFE for three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no subscription renewed at this rate. This order must come to us direct; not through an agent or dealer.

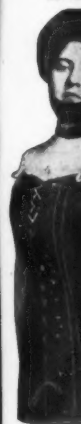
LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York

18

ONE YEAR \$5.00. (CANADIAN \$5.52, FOREIGN \$6.04.)

LIFE
or Life
one

SU



This garment
worn under the
all day with the
slightest discor
Philadelphia
San

A
comp
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place
An
truth
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Bu
lover
A

V

Lit
mode
fashi
durin
Paris
letter

NOV

LIFE in JULY

or Life in December is just as irksome if one is bothered by unsightly, uncomfortable, unhealthy

SUPERFLUOUS FAT

You can reduce your flesh where desired if you wear

Dr. Jeanne Walter's

Famous Medicated

Rubber Garments



These garments are made either to cover the entire body or any part. The results from their use are quick and they are absolutely safe, being endorsed by leading physicians. Used by Athletes, Jockeys, etc., the world over.

Neck and Chin Bands . \$3.00
Chin only \$2.00

Also Union Suits, Stockings, Jackets, etc., for the purpose of reducing the flesh anywhere desired. Invaluable to those suffering from rheumatism.

Rubber Elastic Webbing "Slip-Ons" . \$8 up
Rubber Elastic Webbing "Slip-Overs" . \$6 up
Write at once for further particulars.

Dr. JEANNE WALTER, Dept. U,
Inventor and Patentee 45 West 24th St.,
NEW YORK

REPRESENTATIVES

Philadelphia: Mrs. Kammerer, 1029 Walnut Street,
San Francisco: Adele Millar Co., 166 Geary Street,
Chicago: E. Burnham, 138 North State Street.

Baseball Terms

A two-bagger—The husband who accompanies his wife on a summer vacation.

A foul tip—"Keep those hens out of my yard."

The home plate—Nicked in eighteen places.

An error—Telling your wife the truth.

Striking out—The town hall clock.

Bunching hits—Any girl with three lovers at once.

A double steal—Eloping with twins.

VOGUE'S

Vacation
Number



Little new things are creeping into the mode—harbingers of the early autumn fashions. Vogue has been on the alert during the closing weeks of the gay Paris season. Read the Paris fashion letter in the Vacation Number.

Society at Polo Matches
and the
Long Island Race Meetings

NOW ON THE NEWSSTANDS

Rhymed Reviews

Stella Maris

(By William J. Locke. John Lane Co.)

WITHIN a seaward chamber hid
She lived, aloof from worldly
madness,
A lovely, happy invalid—
A fairy princess served in gladness.

And since from all the world, for life
They deemed, the hand of Fate had
sealed her,
From all that told of Sin and Strife
Her little court conspired to shield
her.

Two friends had laid their hearts upon
Our gentle Stella's maiden altar;
The first a journalist, called John,
The second one, an actor, Walter.

They'd told her fairy tales about
The world beyond her range of
vision,
Till Stella hadn't any doubt
That everything was quite Elysian.

The sweet recluse was strangely cured
And free to go where e'er she listed;
And then what grief her soul endured
To learn that Crime and Woe ex-
isted!

And when a Vixen came and cried,
"This John! you love him—he's a
wonder!
And I'm his poor, deserted bride!"—
She thought her world had dropped
from under.

Now John had reared a Cockney waif
Named Unity, who saw too clearly
That John and Stella were not safe,
For John's mad wife was acting
querely.

But Unity knew what to do
When Innocence and Hate collided!
She shot the Bad Wife through and
through
And politically suicided.

This horror opened Stella's eyes.
She saw (despite the things that hurt
you)
In Unity's self-sacrifice
A glowing proof of human virtue.

She likewise saw that both her friends
Were fond of her, which made her
falter;
But when the pleasant story ends,
With John's advice, she marries
Walter.



White and Fancy Wash Waistcoats

worn so much by well-dressed men this summer, should be fastened with

Krementz Bodkin-Clutch Vest Buttons

because they Go in Like a Needle without marring the stiffest starched fabrics. And Hold Like an Anchor till you are ready to release them. No spiral springs, hinge joints, hollow tubes, or loose parts. Made in many attractive styles, with studs and cuff links to match (or sold separately), from the inexpensive, plain mother-of-pearl to gold and platinum mounted, set with precious stones.

At the leading jewelers and haberdashers
Descriptive booklet for the asking

KREMENTZ & CO.
60 Chestnut St., Newark, N. J.

And still, it gave me quite a shock
(Though schooled to face worse
crime, unflinching),
To find that gentle Mr. Locke
Could glorify a private lynching.
Arthur Guiterman.



Brainy Diet vs. Cosmetics

"I was a frightful sight. A fresh crop of pimples and boils always developed as soon as the old had disappeared. Since adopting a brainy diet my skin is clear and spotless." Fatty, sweet and starchy foods (puddings, pastries, etc.) are indigestible, and when taken in excess, cause boils, eczema, pimples, freckles, scaly skin, etc. Brainy foods (lean meats, green vegetables, fruits, etc.) when correctly combined and proportioned, produce a clear, healthy complexion. Deficiency or excess of certain foods causes different diseases. Correct combinations and quantities cure. Causes of the various diseases are specified in "New Brainy Diet," sent for 10 cents. G. H. BRINKLER, Food Expert, Dept. 72-G, Washington, D. C.

RAD-BRIDGE BRIDGE WHIST ACCESSORIES
Ten cents in stamps (less than cost) brings our sample wallet; 42 Forms Lithographed Score Pads, 12 varieties playing cards and illustrated catalog.
Dept. L. RADCLIFFE & CO., 144 Pearl St., New York



Try this treatment for whitening the skin tonight, just before you retire.

Sallow, Freckled Skins

How to Whiten Them

Just before you retire, cleanse the skin thoroughly by washing in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and lukewarm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture but leave the skin slightly damp. Now dip the cake of Woodbury's in a bowl of water and go over your face and throat several times *with the cake itself*. Let its lather remain on over night, and wash again with Woodbury's in your usual way next morning.

Use this treatment with Woodbury's every night—unless your skin should become too sensitive, in which case discontinue until this sensitive feeling disappears. A marked improvement will be seen after a few applications, and your skin will soon become just what you want it to be.

Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c. a cake. No one hesitates at the price after their first cake.

Woodbury's Facial Soap

For sale by dealers throughout the United States and Canada

Write today for samples

For 4c. we will send a sample cake. For 10c. samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Write today to the Andrew Jergens Co., Dept. K-7, Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, O.

In Canada, address the Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., Dept. K-7, Perth, Ontario.

Life and Books

Life is language, and books only the dictionaries; men are the text, books only the commentaries. Books are only good as a filter for actual experiences. A man must have a rich and varied experience of men and women before he can use books to advantage. Life is varied, men and women many, while the individual life is short; wise men read books therefore to enrich their experience, not merely as the pedant does, to garner facts.—From *Price Collier's "Germans and the Germans."* Scribner's.

Tears Are Going Out

ACCORDING to the writer in the *London News and Leader*, tears are rapidly becoming a thing of the past. It is no longer proper for a lady to burst into tears when she is discharging her cook, or securing a divorce.

When you come home late at night and your wife meets you at the head of the stairs, she no longer bursts into a flood of tears and sobs herself to sleep, while you are endeavoring to extricate your silk hat from the chandelier.

When you go to the theatre, where the heroine has not succeeded in lifting the mortgage from the farm, and there is no bread in the house, you no longer dampen your tariff-ridden handkerchief by lachrymose outpourings, but, sternly repressing your emotions, you talk, between the acts, with your friend about the latest movement in philosophical circles.

It is a great pity! If all of the world could have a good cry at least once a day, think how much its present almost universally feminine temperament could be relieved!



This girl costs you nothing but a two-cent stamp

Miniature *Life* Number 2

Is now ready for mailing. The picture printed above is one of the covers of this Miniature Edition of *LIFE*, exact size—only it is printed in colors. It is a small edition of

America's great humorous weekly filled with jokes and pictures, and obtainable in no other manner except by personal application. Send

us your name and address and a two-cent stamp to cover mail cost and

we will forward you a copy of this beautiful MINIA-TURE *LIFE* Number Two.

Life



To My Absent Stenographer

WITH how sad steps, O Mayme, I climb the stair,
 And view my office, now a lone ly scene!
 Oppressed?, I sit medown at thy macghine
 To do my corrwspindeNce, once thycare].
 I miss tHee\$! not along thAt thhoU wast FAir,
 Butthat thou diddst achieve witjh joyous mien
 The kettters thst will drivemeMad i ween!\$
 The tasks that nOW a lppk of strqngeness wearr.
 even thuss two days, And Two dats mgre, I toil4d
 And coUld not c9nq8er, howsoe(er I Tri3d:
 These d3v9lish keys hav all my \$fforts Foild,
 While powwer of spwlling is tome denied|
 Ahh,, donotwait till all my p9per's spo8led — —
 Come baxk, coME BQCK again,, to blessand
 gUide !!

Corinne Rockwell Swain.

Lips

LIPS are common to inhabited places, but the best varieties are discovered in shady nooks in lanes and over rustic gates. It is generally conceded that two lips are better than one. Also it is universally admitted that a lip by any other name would taste as sweet; also that all lips are not so well guarded as they should be.

Lips were once the gateways to literature, oratory and power; now they are used for suffragette and after dinner speeches.

Planting a kiss twice a day upon the same lips is said to produce monotonous but good results by those who have tried it, and to yield the largest crop of fidelity, virtue and love.

ELSIE: I didn't know he could afford to give you such an expensive engagement ring.

EGERIA: He couldn't—but wasn't it dear of him?



WAITING FOR THE SATURDAY AFTERNOON EXPRESS



SUMMER IS HERE!

Life's Fresh Air Fund

Inclusive of 1912, LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation twenty-six years. In that time it has expended \$139,304.44 and has given a fortnight in the country to 34,748 poor city children.

The Fund is supported entirely by bequests and voluntary contributions, which are acknowledged in this column.

Previously acknowledged	\$3,322.76
Lawrence Turnbull	5.00
J. S.	10.00
Estelle Neville, Wilder Neville, Cardwell Neville, Edmond Neville, May Nicke Pattison, Margaret Cone, Kathleen Cone	6.00
L. W. Hart	6.00
Proceeds of entertainment given by "The Brownie Club," Randolph, Va., composed of Anne-Gilbert Bell, Annie Lee Hatch, Esther May Loan, Ida Hatch, Ruth L. Adams, Bennett F. Bell, William Sanford Du Bois	3.30
C. F. Quincy	10.00
Frank Drummond	25.00
Edward Hopkins	11.80
Mary S. Pope	1.00
M. S. L.	10.00
W. Maxwell Greene	10.00
A club—Betty Simons, Betty Ham-mill, Virginia Pratt, Rita Delafield, Margaret Hollister	2.00
Joseph Filton	5.00
Wm. J. Ryan	11.80
"Bim"	10.00
M. & G.	10.00
M. K. F.	10.00
L. K. M.	12.00
"Estelle"	5.00
O. D. Duncan	10.00
Vincent Astor	100.00
"In Memory of M"	25.00
P. A. P.	3.00
"In Memory of Janet Macgregor Wilson"	10.00
Anonymous	25.00
W. G. Clayton, Jr.	10.00
"In Memory of Lloyd"	25.00
George S. McKearin	10.00

\$3,704.66

ACKNOWLEDGED WITH THANKS

Package of clothing from Mrs. C. S. Webb, Greenport, L. I.
 Package of clothing from Mrs. W. S. Rodie, South Orange, N. J.
 Two cases of clothing and one case of shoes from Mrs. Geo. Mills, Georgetown, Conn.
 Fireworks from Conney Bros. & Co., Georgetown, Conn.
 Fireworks from Mr. Grimes, of Hearn & Sons, New York City.
 Fireworks from L. C. Mead & Co., Branchville, Conn.

Modern Wheels of State

IT was the day after to-morrow or somewhere along there. The supreme head of all of the Labor Unions sat in his luxurious office smoking a Pittsburgh stogy. His assistant entered and said:

"Sire, the President of the United States is in the ante-room."

"Tell him to wait a few moments until I finish my mail. What are the orders of the day?"

"Here, sire."

The supreme head glanced over the paper handed to him and a little bit later rang the bell.

"Show him in."

He nodded as the President entered and said:

"Sit down. What can I do for you?"

The President advanced with an apologetic air, rubbing his hands together, and said:

"I am awfully sorry to trouble you but you were away yesterday playing pinochle, and our business accumulates."

The supreme head picked up the paper and glancing it over said:

"Ah yes! You want me to pass on these foreign ambassadors, do you?"

"It would be a great favor."

"And you want to have me look over these bills you are thinking of signing?"

"If it is not too much trouble."

"And I suppose that you would like to have me take up this question of whom you are going to appoint for the Supreme Court, eh?"

"It would be a great help."

The supreme head cocked his Pittsburgh stogy up at an angle of forty-five degrees and, calling to his assistant, said, as he got up:

"Jim, look over this list and fix this fellow up. I am not feeling very well to-day. I am going to take a few turns around the links."

As he strolled out he heard the President of the United States remark in a quiet, well modulated voice:

"How unfortunate that I should have intruded myself at such an inopportune moment!"



"GOOD MORNING, ARABELLA. MAY I CARRY YOUR UMBRELLA FOR YOU?"

"DON'T YOU LET HIM HAVE IT, ARABELLA. THE DUDE WANTS TO CUT THE HANDLE OFF AND MAKE A CANE OUT OF IT."



"SAY, I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU COULD SAIL A BOAT!"
 "WELL! WE'RE A MILE AND A HALF FROM WHERE WE STARTED, AREN'T WE? WHAT
 D'YE S'POSE I'VE BEEN DOING—PLAYING GOLF?"



MOCKED

The Doctors and the Public

Dr. Simon Flexner said recently that during years of close observation of the anti-vivisectionists, not one case of cruelty to animals in the medical institutions of this State had been adduced to warrant their contention.

* * *

It would be an insult to an entire profession to send inquisitorial bodies into their laboratories with the intent of "regulating" their necessary experiments.—*New York Times*.

Yet is it not true that this method of "regulating" is at the bottom of all business relationships? What the *Times* objects to and what the vivisectionists object to is to make their proceedings public.

During the course of every year there

are thousands of animals who are cut up and subjected to all kinds of searching experiments on the part of our surgeons, not only in medical institutions, but also privately.

What the public has a right to demand is that any animal subjected to the process of vivisection shall, in the first place, be publicly registered, and that the doctors who perform the operation shall be supervised by the authorities in such a way that the rights of the animal will be protected. This is not done at present. The mere fact that the medical profession so passionately resents any suggestion of investigation or publicity is in itself enough to render such publicity an absolute necessity.

Circumstances Alter Cases

"BE sure your sin will find you out."
So runs the ancient word,
And yet the full time-honored phrase
Seems sometimes quite absurd;
Temptation calls in varied guise,
Were this a proper sin
I'm sure it would not find me out,
But rather find me in.

Charles Campbell Jones.

Sanctum Talks

"GOOD morning, LIFE."
"Ah, Felix Diaz! What are you doing in these parts? Borrowing money?"

"No, LIFE. Trying to re-establish myself in the good graces of the American people."

"Well, you are not the only one who is trying to do that. Some of our most prominent Americans are in the same boat with you, and between you and me, Felix, they are not succeeding very well."

"Perhaps as a stranger I may do better. I am really quite respectable."

"You interest me."

"And essentially honest."

"You astonish me!"

"And apparently courageous."

"You amuse me!"

"And intensely patriotic."

"You delight me!"

"Then LIFE, if you are so amused, astonished and delighted at my humble self, why will not you and your country receive me with open arms? Especially considering my family!"

"There is only one little obstacle to that, General Diaz; you wear good clothes and your manners are delightful, but unfortunately you are not alone."

"You mean—"

"The rest of you."

"Oh—the rest of us."

"Yes—Huerta, and a few others I might mention. Besides, General, we are pretty busy just now."

"What would you suggest?"

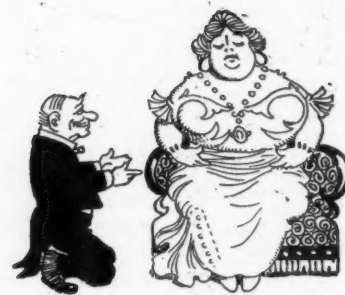
"Well, come around, say in a couple of hundred years—when you have learned a little regard for others—a little political honor—and incidentally how to govern yourself."

"And until then, LIFE?"

"Until then, au revoir."



"Simply preposterous!"



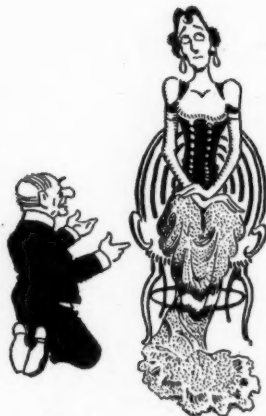
"We can always be friends."



"I can only be a sister to you."



"It can never be."

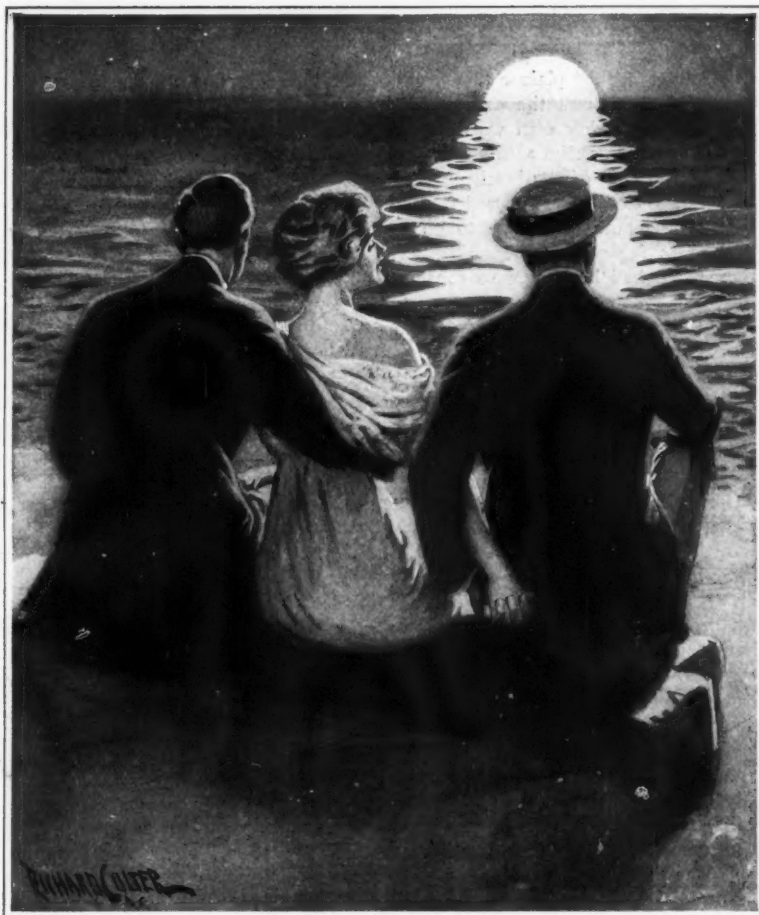


"Decidedly no!"



"Yes"

WHY IS IT EVER THUS?



ENLARGEMENT OF THE HEART

An Open Letter to the Masses

GREETING:

At the recent meeting of the American Association of Academic Academicians, composed, as you are no doubt aware, of the leading college professors holding chairs in sociology, political economy, finance, etc., the rapid increase in social and industrial unrest was noted and deplored.

Fully realizing for the first time that the matter was directly up to us, we have appointed a committee to search, research, analyze, synthesize and systematize the opinions, facts, possibilities and advisabilities of the situation. This committee has been given full power to talk, write, guess, argue, dis-

agree, split hairs, alter premises, beg questions, revise conclusions, build syllogisms, ignore facts, devise questionnaires, beat around the bush, go off the handle, create fogs, become confused, begin over again, examine history, express hopes, utter solemn warnings, look wise, be dignified, and to do all manner of things which in any way will contribute to a satisfactory result.

In view of this, we feel warranted in issuing this special appeal to the masses. Will you kindly consent to cease your unrest at once and remain in a state of contentment until the report of our committee is received?

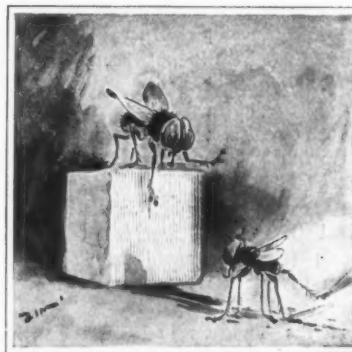
Just how long this will be we do not know. When, however, we have decided how to cure the unrest, it will be decided once for all. Of that you may be sure.

Just a word in conclusion. It might occur to some to ask why the American Association of Academic Academicians did not take this up sooner and why in the many erudite volumes for which our members are responsible we have not already reached unalterable conclusions about the matter? We have, forsooth, considered the matter, and all of us have reached unalterable conclusions, but the trouble is that no two of these conclusions agree. On the other hand, we have never until now realized that the matter devolved exclusively upon our shoulders. We have always felt that if the expounders of the simple life and the preachers of contentment to the people had done their full duty and had been sufficiently convincing there would be no social unrest, and consequently it would have been unnecessary for us to attack the problem upon a purely materialistic plane.

Yours sincerely,
AMERICAN ASSOCIATION
OF ACADEMIC ACADEMICIANS,
per A. B. Wordworthless, Sec'y.

"I SEE that our leading bankers are trying to reform the currency. That shows progress."

"Yes. The next step will be to reform the leading bankers."



Mother: NOW, HECTOR, YOU JUST WIPE YOUR FEET BEFORE YOU CLIMB ON THIS SUGAR.

The Heights of Absurdity



YOU'VE heard of them, no doubt. Mr. and Mrs. Twitter had lived on the Heights of Absurdity ever since they had married and had begun to take their place in the world. Everybody they knew lived there. They were never lonely.

Mr. Twitter's salary was not large. They had to economize in many ways. They kept one maid—not that Mrs. Twitter was frail; quite the reverse—but so that she might have leisure to go around amongst her friends and play bridge and amuse herself while Mr. Twitter was at the office. They had no children—really couldn't afford them on Mr. Twitter's salary!—but they managed to be fairly happy without them. One thing that did worry them a little was that they were both inclined to put on flesh. There were two reasons for this. One was that they “lived well”—I think that's what they call it on the Heights of Absurdity—had three “good, square meals” a day and a “snack” at bedtime. The other reason for their undue stoutness was lack of exercise. Mr. Twitter motored to the train in the morning, and back again at night. He rarely put a foot to the ground. Mrs. Twitter, too, rode everywhere in the auto. She was most uncomfortable, what with increasing flesh and the demands of the modes for slimness! She was girded so snugly, poor lady, that had it not been for the auto, she could never have gotten 'round to the luncheons, teas and dinners that filled up her waking hours.

Obviously, something had to be done. They consulted an eminent (and very expensive) physician. He advised the use of aerated waters at meals (since he could hardly advise them to eat less!) and exercise—yes, exercise.

If the Twitters had lived on the Plains of Common-sense they would undoubtedly have seen that the obvious thing to do was to discharge the maid and get rid of the auto. Mrs. Twitter

would have cooked plainer things and fewer of them, and the exercise involved in doing her own work would have made her as slim as a young girl—to say nothing of the luncheons and dinners she would have missed for the lack of the auto—and time to go to them. As for poor, fat Mr. Twitter, there was—had he chosen to consider it—the lawn to mow, or the snow to shovel—as the season provided—or the furnace to tend to, or all sorts of odds and ends of things about the house to do—to say nothing of the walks to and from the station which he might have taken.

It seems strange, but this solution never occurred to the Twitters. Instead, they joined a country club, though it strained their resources a bit. Mr. Twitter played golf nearly every afternoon, while Mrs. Twitter sat around on the porch of the clubhouse and waited for him to be through. Then they had a bountiful supper and motored home. Mrs. Twitter went to a fashionable gymnasium twice a week, and swung clubs and learned fancy dancing, and other days she had an energetic masseuse roll and punch her till she wept and bemoaned her fate.

It was at this point that a fiat went forth from the heads of the firm for which Mr. Twitter worked, to reduce expenses. So salaries were cut right and left. Mr. Twitter suffered with the rest.

Then, indeed, they *did* worry, if you like! The first of every month was martyrdom to both of them. Nothing but bills—bills—bills! that they could not pay. It was only in mid-month that the Twitters were happy—then they could forget! But it did not enter their poor, troubled minds that they could relinquish anything they had.

“It isn't as though we were extravagant,” wailed Mrs. Twitter, dabbing her eyes with a lace-edged handkerchief. “We have nothing that our neighbors have not. We buy only necessities!” She pushed back across the breakfast table the bills Mr. Twitter had handed her—her dressmaker's bill, the bills for her gym and fancy dancing, her masseuse's account, and

the bills overdue at the department stores.

Mr. Twitter wriggled uneasily. “I'll pay the chauffeur and the servants,” he said miserably, “and let my club bills go for the present—everyone else is behindhand. The steward told me so last month.”

And so they literally worried along. They got deeper and deeper into debt. By degrees anxiety wrote itself on their fat faces. They got careworn and old. Still they kept on in the routine—the treadmill, if you please—of their little “set.” There are all sorts of ways to be happy. This was the Twitters' way.

Every once in a while there were whacking big doctors' bills in addition. The strain gave Mrs. Twitter nervous prostration. An operation was in order. Mr. Twitter, too, suffered from the effects of a heat stroke acquired one very hot day in town. Mr. Twitter was dressed in heavy woolen tweeds—he wore a thick coat and waistcoat. It never occurred to the poor man to take them off and be cool. None of his “set” ever did such a thing! There are glorious martyrs among the men folks on Absurdity Heights. So Twitter sweltered and succumbed.

The Twitters still live on the Heights of Absurdity. They have plenty of company. They think this world is a cruel place. But they pay out good money to the doctor to keep them in it—who knows, they might be worse off in the other world!

And all the time there are the quiet, peaceful Plains of Common-sense lying in full sight. Sometimes, at the first of the month, when bills flutter down like evil-winged bats, the Twitters gaze wistfully across to these level plains. They look at each other, brightening with a sudden thought. Perhaps—yes, perhaps they could—But no. All their “set” live on the Heights of Absurdity.

C. Hilton-Turvey.





LITTLE DROPS OF WATER



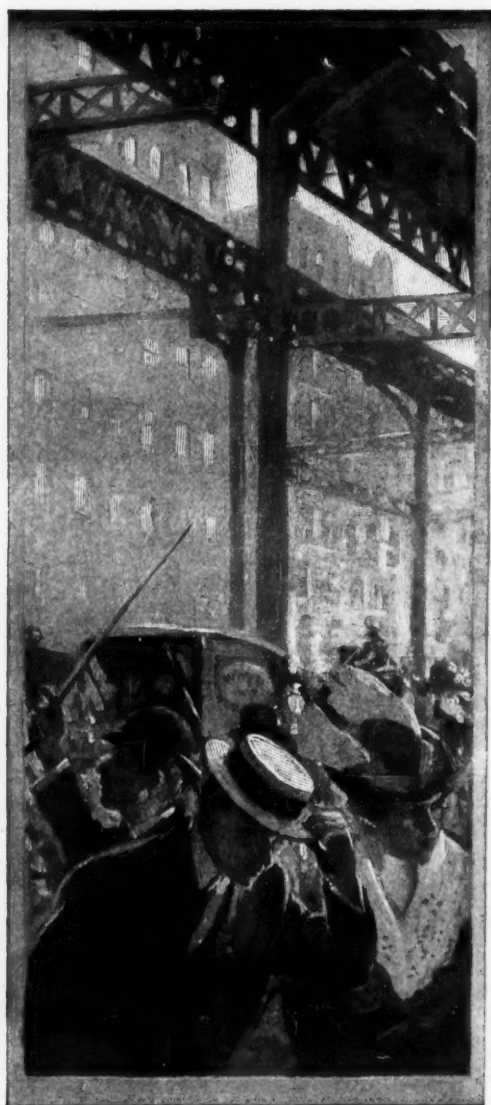
LITTLE GRAINS OF SAND



MAKE THE MIGHTY OCEAN



AND THE PLEASANT LAND



WHY

All About Poetry

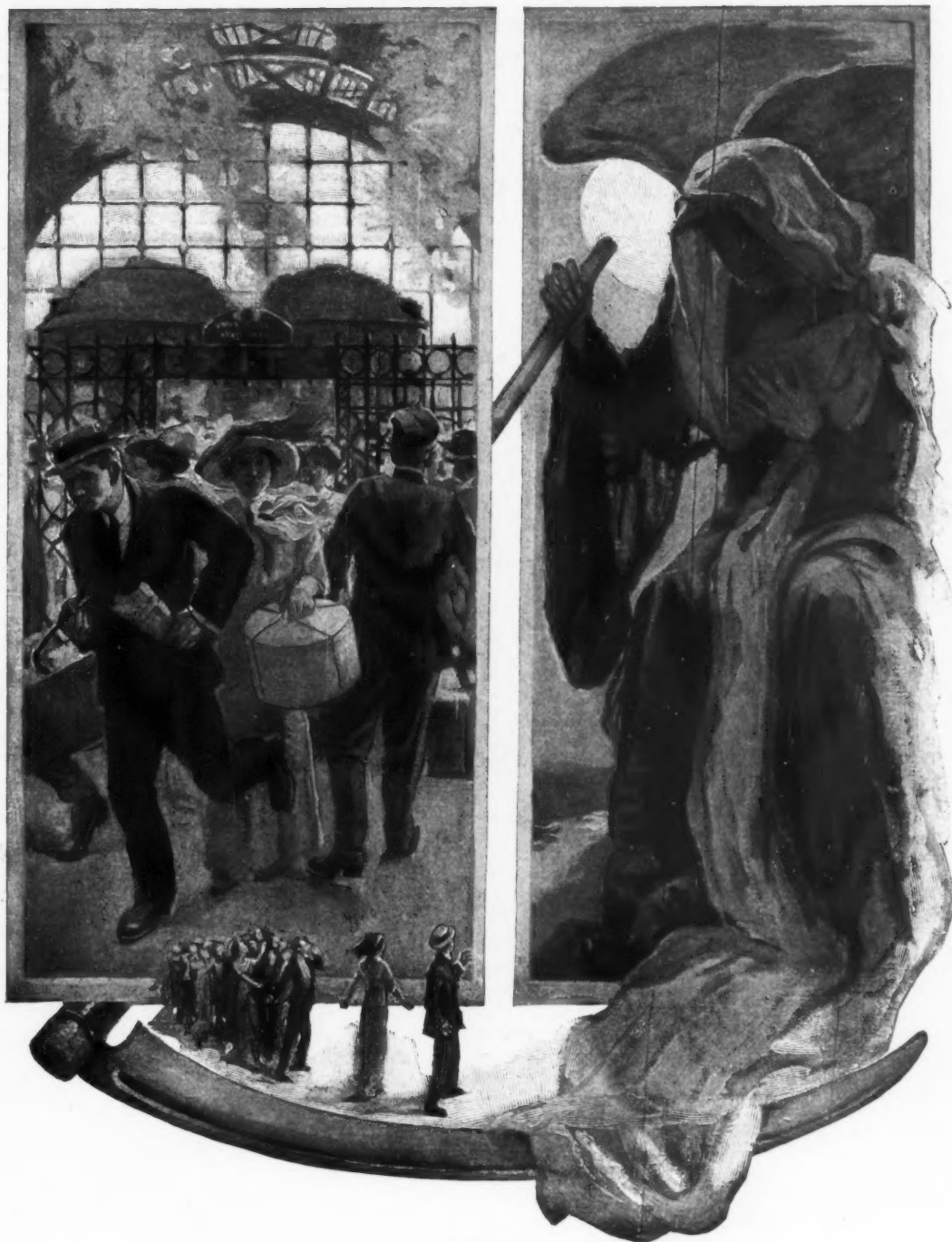
POETRY is that which inebriates but does not necessarily cheer. At one time poetry was used almost exclusively to advertise poets; now it is used for the purpose of showing that the man who writes it has other ways in which to support himself.

Every year poetry declines. It has been steadily declining now for several centuries. Nobody minds this about poetry—except the critics; and a critic is a great deal like a Wall Street broker: the moment he begins to

speculate on a margin on his own account he goes broke.

Poetry is either epic, or pastoral, or otherwise. An epic poem is always related by a real humorist who tries his best to conceal the fact that he is one, and succeeds. A pastoral poet always lives on a hillside and tends a flock, which may be goats or children, according to how poor he is. If he is too poor to support anything, then it is usually children.

Poetry is not always written by poets. Sometimes it is written by men who, if they did but know it, might make an indecent living by writing advertisements.



HURRY?

Fable of the Steer

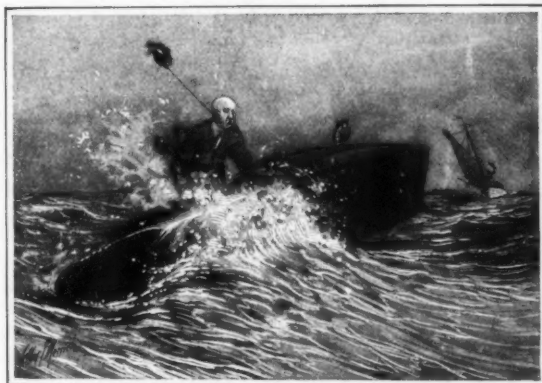
A CERTAIN Steer first saw the light of day on the ranges of Colorado. But while he was still young his owner rounded him up, loaded him in a car, and shipped him off to Kansas City.

There he was sold to a rancher, and by him shipped out to Oklahoma to feed in the pastures during the summer.

In the fall the Steer was shipped to Chicago. In Chicago a farmer bought him and shipped him to Iowa to top him off, as the saying is, with corn.

The following spring, being by that time in prime condition, the Steer was shipped back to Chicago and found his way to the packing house.

"Tis fine to be travelled," reflected he, as he alighted from the cars for the last time, "but oh, you cost of living!"



THE ADVANTAGE OF A LITTLE NAUTICAL KNOWLEDGE
SAVED BY WIG-WAGGING



SUGGESTION FOR A MONUMENT

How to Get a Divorce

FIRST—Get married. This is not only highly expedient, but absolutely necessary.

Second—Be friendly with your wife. No satisfactory divorce can eventually be secured unless you begin on this basis. By becoming more or less intimate with her you lay a splendid foundation for trouble later on.

Third—In case you have any children, begin by prejudicing each one of them separately against his or her mother. You cannot always secure a divorce by your own unaided efforts; therefore, bring in as many other aids as possible. After you have exhausted your children, drag your friends in. Under no circumstances consult a lawyer until you have to. Just at the moment that you think that a divorce

is necessary your lawyer may persuade you that it is not. No lawyer has ever yet done this, but there is always a chance that it may happen. Therefore, be careful.

Fourth—Talk it over with your wife. Don't hesitate to talk thoroughly. Explain your attitude toward her from numerous and different angles. It is better not to have any particular method about this. Do it in the early morning and late at night. Use any language that you think best. Encourage her to do likewise.

Fifth—When you have finally agreed between you to secure a divorce, send for the reporters and tell your story. The case is then out of your hands. It remains for the newspaper readers to decide your fate and the fate of your wife and children. All that is

left for you is to pay the fees and the alimony, and make arrangements for your second honeymoon.



A CHARMED LIFE



JULY 24, 1913

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't.

A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.

17 West Thirty-first Street, New York
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"What would the man have? Does he want a meringue on it?"

Just at this writing, if we could have a meringue on the news, it would be nice! For the news is so unsavory just now! A few stories of probity and decency and pleasantry spread upon the top of it for a few days would be grateful, we are almost sure, to a lot of readers.

Instead of which we have a meringue of scandals, libels, slanders, and investigations, that take up the top lines in the papers: the lobby story, with David Lamar and Edward Lauterbach working in it as reprobate clowns; the Cohalan investigation, in which as we go to press, a Tammany legislative committee is examining the record of a Tammany judge; the rapid-fire conflict between Sulzer and Murphy, with new charges every day, and, as if we had not dirt enough at home, from London the sordid story of a law-fight for a very dirty fortune. Lady Sackville, having won her suit, is reported to be ill at home. Ought to be, certainly! And yet there was more sympathy with her than with those "Scotts wha' had a Wallace bled," and wished to make the performance continuous. She won. As the *World* puts it:

A fortune wheedled from a king by his mistress; swollen by big legacies to a noble Marchioness from two corrupt men each claiming to be her father outside wedlock; and transmitted by the

original of Thackeray's Marquis of Steyne, by a son as vile, and by a comparatively decent bastard, comes to a woman who in a previous suit defended her coronet by denying that her mother was married.

No wonder Lady Sackville was ill. No doubt there was a good deal of nausea elsewhere in England, and some remembrance of what old Alfred Wallace lately said about the rotten basis of the social structure.

Our current scandals partly enumerated above at least are rather more cleansing than this. What happens to David Lamar is of small consequence because he is of no consequence, but the confession that was forced from him that he impersonated Congressmen over the telephone was interesting at least, and has made all the Congressmen mad, and has helped to put them on terms of suspicion with all the lobby, which is a good result and favorable to punctuality in legislation.



AS for Judge Cohalan, it is hardly to be expected that the judiciary committee of the Hon. Charles Murphy's legislature at Albany will see any very gross impropriety in a Tammany leader who had exacted a share of profits from a contractor, being promoted to the bench. Nevertheless the investigation of Judge Cohalan will have its effect in emphasizing what is hardly disputed, that Murphy is not a fit person to pick judges for New York, and that the preliminary political

services that recommend men to be selected by Tammany for the bench are not services which may properly recommend citizens for that preferment.



IT may be that Governor Sulzer in conducting a knock-down and drag-out fight with Tammany, is doing the public service for which, on the whole, he is best qualified. The Governor's most notable characteristic is his ferocity. It was said of him at the time of his inauguration that there were always live coals in his fire-box, and that if the right sort of political fuel were shoveled into him he might make a very blazing governor. So far, certainly, his coals have stayed hot, and we could not ask a better test of his powers of combustion than they are having. With a Democratic governor at Albany and a Democratic President at Washington, and Tammany conspicuously *persona non grata* with both, it must be asked more than ever what party Tammany belongs to. The answer is obvious: that Tammany belongs exclusively to the Tammany party. If it is suggested that Sulzer is a devoted member and leader of the Sulzer party, that may be true, and yet the Governor be all the fitter for the work of a political mongoose to drive the snakes out of Fourteenth Street. After a while, maybe, with the Tammany party and the Sulzer party and the Hearst party, all fighting earnestly and overtime, the Democrats in New York State may some day elect some Democrats to office.



BY somewhat such a three-cornered process as that, the venerable Eastern question seems to be bumping along towards solution. The Balkan allies having cleaned up the Turks and come into joint possession of a large spoil, have fallen out over the division of it, and seem to be biting each other's heads off with immense ardor and practiced dexterity. This is the game



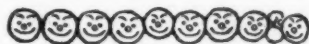
PUTTING NEW SPEED INTO AN OLD HUSBAND
"DON'T LET THEM PASS, HENRY"

at which the Balkan peoples excel, and it is natural that having exhausted the abilities of the Turks to play it, they should play together.

Perhaps that is all for the best, but it seems a pity. The news about their proceedings is meagre, and probably a good deal of it is untrue, but the gist of it is that Servia wants a port, and that Greece also wants more than Bulgaria will concede, and that Greece and Servia are agreed that Bulgaria is an end-seat hog, and are doing their utmost to make her move up. So there is enormous fighting again, and very untrustworthy news of it; and the Powers, which doubtless prefer that the Balkans should clean themselves up, are keeping hands off.

One could wish Mr. Bryan was there with a flask of grape-juice and a plan for arbitration, for certainly these people have been killed a plenty lately, and

ought now to come to a division and settlement, or better still to a confederacy that would include them all. But division and settlement and agreement of any sort seem to call for a higher degree of self-restraint than they have yet attained, whereas to fight is the immemorial habit of all of them, and their natural method of settlement. It will be a long time yet, apparently, before it will be possible to hold a Gettysburg reunion in the Balkans, and yet now, with the Turk disposed of, if these territorial matters could be fairly settled, the Balkan peoples might almost, it would seem, proceed on their way to civilization.



SOME of the papers have printed a story that Ambassador Page's salary of \$35,000 a year for editing the

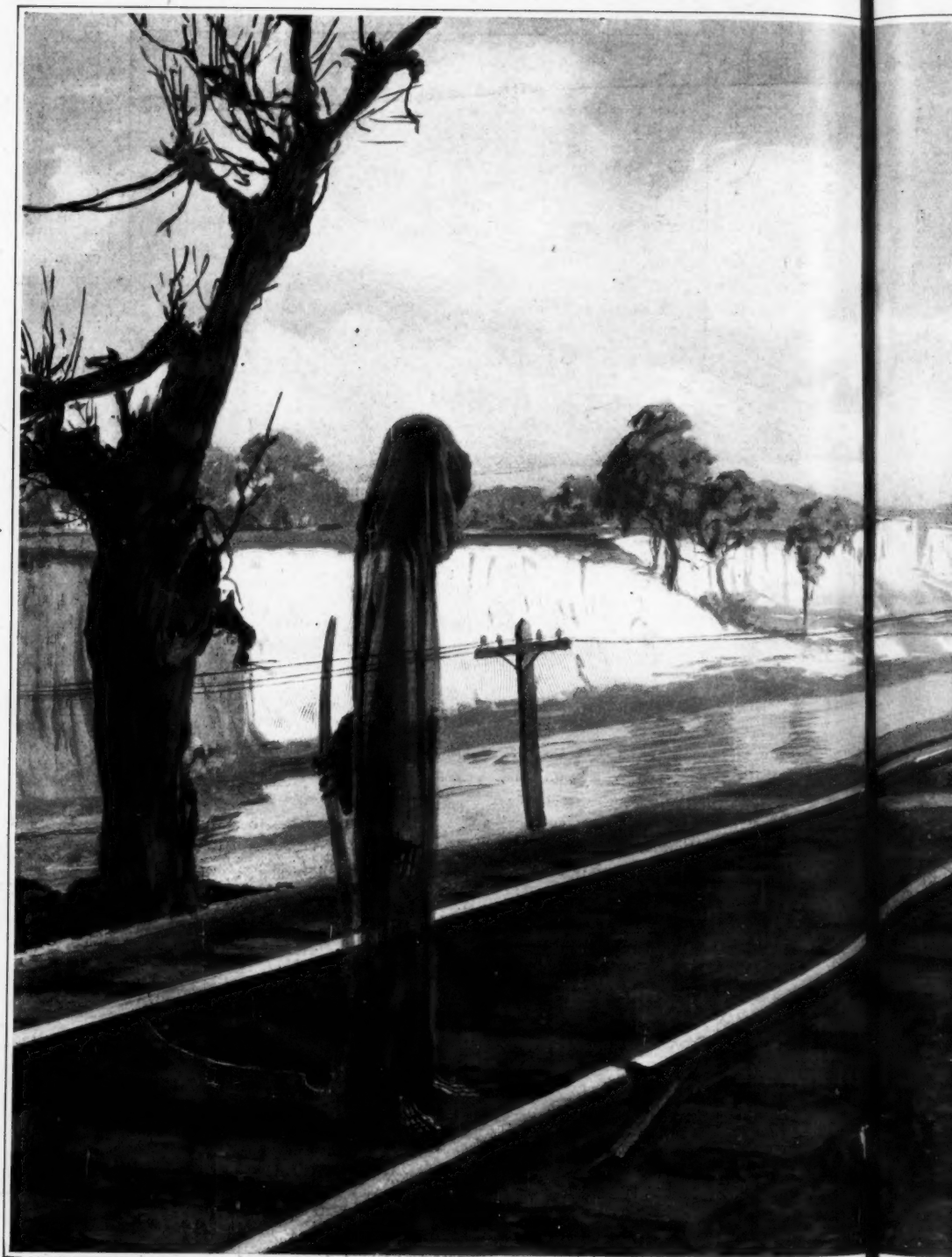
World's Work is continued to him during his connection with the Court of St. James. It is estimated by these simple-minded journals that this thirty-five thousand, and Uncle Sam's \$17,500 is enough to save the Ambassador from serious fiscal inconvenience during his continuance in office.

A naughty story, with a basis of fact very likely, but obviously untrue, because nobody gets \$35,000 for editing any magazine now published in New York. Tales like this raise the standard of expectation on Brother Page, which is unkind. He ought to demand an investigation and examination in supplementary proceedings that would give him a chance to show down.



COLONEL ROOSEVELT has gone off out West for rest and recreation and to be quit of politics, and presently he is going to the Argentine to make some addresses.

At Newport at the Progressive clam-bake the other day, he disclosed quite frankly his opinion that Mr. Wilson's New Freedom was a fake. It seems much too soon for anyone to reach that conclusion, and so, we guess, most of the Progressives think. The "new freedom" implies some sort of existing slavery. But the tariff has had its share in creating the industrial condition that has gradually grown up since the Civil War, and which its critics denounced as industrial slavery. The tariff stimulated immigration by a demand for cheap labor, checked the increase of the native population and filled towns like Lawrence with imported workers, used to a low standard of living. It is these imported cheap workers whose condition is the chief object of the concern of Col. Roosevelt and his Progressive friends. The first item on the programme of the New Freedom is tariff reform. That is a logical first step to social government. But it is a step Mr. Roosevelt never cared to take, and can see no good in now that President Wilson is taking it.



The Automatic St

•FE•



The Automatic Stop.

The Latest Books



EVERY now and again one runs up against the disappearing sneeze. One feels it coming away back somewhere in the hinterland of internal tickles, and knows by familiar premonitory signals that it is going to be a big one. As it gets nearer one is almost frightened by the magnificent promise of it. "Heavens!" one thinks between gasps, "this is going to be a sneeze! How in the world is it ever going to get out without bursting something?" And in another moment one is dropping everything in order to extend anticipatory handkerchiefs and to gaze hopefully at the chandelier while convulsively catching one's breath. And then—half way through what was positively to have been the final and determinative snort—the thing suddenly and disconcertingly isn't there any longer. It has gone out like a candle on the very threshold of triumphant consummation and left one relieved, yet somehow cheated; delivered, but unfulfilled.

There are some works of art that are exactly like that. Some pictures and some statues; some pieces of music and some books. They put you through all the glories and agonies of approach and preparation, and then disconcertingly and without warning come to nothing. You can feel power in them, and you answer to it. You sense the surge and certainty of inspiration in them, and give yourself up to it, gladly, yet with that sense of daring that always accompanies the expectation that the next step is going to take you behind the veil, among the mysteries, onto holy ground. And you are in the very act of loosing from your intellectual feet the dusty shoes of daily logic when—pouff!—the power and inspiration have fizzled, or petered out, or withdrawn themselves, and you find yourself (one shoe off and one shoe on) in the midst of familiar surroundings, saved and yet buncoed.

THAT is the kind of book that Charles Marriott, who will be remembered by many American readers as the author of an amusing story and a delightfully double-edged satire

called "Now," has given us in "The Catfish" (Bobbs-Merrill, \$1.35). This is the story of a puzzled, self-deprecating, yet intensely individualized, boy's journey to manhood and of the man's struggle into self-comprehension, written with deep knowledge and at the same time with sympathetic lightness. It places living and unfolding before us an intensely interesting type of mental and spiritual make-up that (we are unconsciously led into feeling) has special and presently-to-be-disclosed aptitudes for the life of our times. And then; just as we are ready for the revelation, just as we feel like saying "we are sure you're right, now go ahead," a conventional denouement is basted loosely onto the character study, *Finis* is written underneath, and we are dismissed, like a *matinée* audience a trifle dazed by our sudden emergence into the cold light of a forgotten daytime. "The Catfish" is a character study worth anyone's reading. But as a novel on the lines of its chosen theme it is a hunting of the Snark, and the Snark turns out a Boojum.

THIS is also the kind of book that our versatile friend J. C. Snaith has given us in "An Affair of State" (Doubleday, Page, \$1.25), the story of a crisis in the not distant future, when a makeshift coalition ministry is striving without either much hope or much ability to keep the head of the old social order in England above the rising proletarian flood and a strong individual member of this patchwork government—a representative and champion of the people, who has, nevertheless, married one aristocrat and is the intellectual disciple of another—overthrows it in order to get the power into his own capable hands. It is a vivid and a stirring narrative. But the situation is so carefully built up and the characters of the chief actors so skillfully developed that one keeps regarding as mere foundation what turns out to be the whole structure. Mr. Snaith's story makes good reading. But it isn't an affair of state. It is a mere state of affairs.

J. B. Kerfoot.



CONFIDENTIAL BOOK GUIDE



An Affair of State, by J. C. Snaith. See above.

Barbara Gwynne, by W. B. Trites. A study of American life, with a touch of real universality to it. A remarkable piece of work by an American living in England.

The Catfish, by Charles Marriott. See above.

Comrade Yetta, by Albert Edwards. A story of New York's seething East Side. A book with a big simple interest in the flux of contemporary life.

The Eternal Maiden, by T. Everett Harré. A legend-like tale of an Eskimo love tragedy. A vivid picture and an entertaining novelty.

Growing Pains, by Ivy Low. The autobiography of a girl's growing up; by a daughter of Maurice Low, author of "The Psychology of the American People." Interesting matter, but a dull story.

The Human Slaughter House, by Wilhelm Lamszus. The translation of a

German sensation—the diary of a private in the next European war.

The Isle of Life, by Stephen French Whitman. A colorful tale of an exotic abduction. Polite melodrama well done by a skilled workman.

John Cave, by W. B. Trites. The first novel by the author of "Barbara Gwynne." An interesting bit of technique and a ruthless bit of anthropology.

A Landsman's Log, by Robert W. Neeser. Notes on a three-months' cruise with the United States battleship *Kansas*.

The Love-Seeker, by Maud Churton Brady. Counsels and cautionings by a sentimentalist who is a cynic when scratched.

Mark Twain and the Happy Island, by Elizabeth Wallace. An agreeable little volume of personal reminiscence.

Medical Union Number Six, by William Harvey King. An amusing account of what might happen should trade-unionism really come into its own.

My Past, by the Countess Marie Larisch. An interesting volume of court memoirs by a niece of Elizabeth of Austria.

The Old Adam, by Arnold Bennett. A sequel to "Denry the Audacious." One of Mr. Bennett's "popular brand," which cheers but does not produce highbrowishness.

A Personal Narrative of Political Experiences, by Robert M. La Follette. A contribution to contemporary history that helps to link up the recent past with the unfolding present.

Reflections of a Beginning Husband, by Edward Sandford Martin. What getting married on sixty a week in the twentieth century looks like to a young man with nineteenth century affiliations. A book with a flavor.

V. V.'s Eyes, by Henry Sydnor Harrison. A story much superior to, although not nearly so good as, "Queed," which it closely resembles without being in the least like.

The Woman with Empty Hands. Anonymous. A suffrage argument that doesn't argue, but just tells you.

Zone Policeman 88, by Harry A. Franck. An account of three months' special services in Panama that those who have visited the isthmus will find illuminative.



THE WAY HUBBY FEELS
WHEN HE GOES SHOPPING WITH WIFEY

Down With Confiscation!

THE Supreme Court is on the right track in declaring that the different States, in dealing with the railroads, shall not impose rate restrictions that are confiscatory. Who could ask more? It is an idea that can be applied generally. Having once agreed that nothing should be confiscatory, we have a keynote or slogan that will guide us safely past many Scyllas and Charybdises of our uncharted political seas. Let us be careful, however, that this benign rule works all ways. If States may not be confiscatory towards the railroads, then, of course, the railroads should not be allowed to be confiscatory towards passengers and shippers. In fact, all trusts should be compelled to abate their confiscatoriness, including, of course, the Coal Trust, which is one of the most delightfully confiscatory concerns we have ever had the pleasure of contributing to.

We are on the right road with a straight track. Down with confiscation!

A STATE is an association of individuals for mutual protection while doing each other.



"YE'RE A NAUGHTY GOIL TO GET YER FACE DIRTY. IF YE DO IT AGAIN, I'VE A GOOD MIND TO WASH YE!"

Two Songs

ONE day I wrought a little song,
For honor and for gain;
I labored on it ever long
With care and skill and pain.

But when within the market-place
To sing it I made bold,
It brought me not one gladdened face,
Nor any fame nor gold.

Another day I wrought a song,
For love of singing sweet,
And oh, the quickly hasting throng!
And oh, the dancing feet!

And oh, the praises loud and strong,
The gold I needs must take,
For that blithe song, that careless
song

I sang for singing's sake!
Reina Melcher Marquis.

A Reservation

HAUGHTY GENTLEMAN (*at seashore hotel*): Can I have a private bath?

PROPRIETOR: Certainly, sir. At what time of day would you like to reserve the ocean?

BIGGS: I see that Hilpin took a course in short story writing and has been quite successful at it.

GRIGGS: What do you mean? I happen to know that he hasn't been able to write a successful short story.

"My dear boy, that's nothing. He's gone into business for himself as a teacher in short story writing."



TWO BIRDS AT ONE SHOT



THE SEARCH FOR BURIED TREASURE

"SAY! BILLY, D'YE S'POSE THEY'LL TAKE SPANISH DOUBLOONS AN' PIECES OF EIGHT AT THE SODA FOUNTAIN?"

The Houseboat

HOUSEBOATS now begin to dot the landscape.

The houseboat is a place where a man secures his family for the summer months while he goes away and enjoys himself elsewhere. Houseboats are, however, under different conditions sometimes used for other purposes. Most of them are floating week-ends.

A houseboat is a canal boat with a college education. When not filled with one's family, it sometimes carries a crew of chorus girls and a champagne ballast. The main idea of the houseboat is a place where everybody can speed up without getting into deep water.

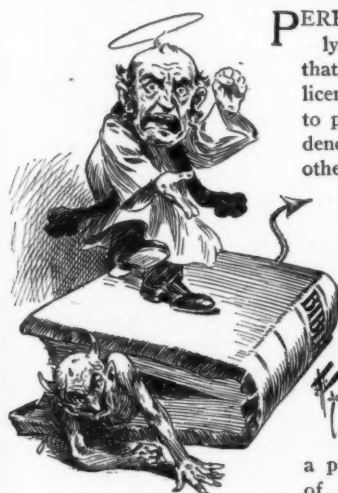
Not satisfied with Adam's fall, and his subsequent demeanor, Noah started the first houseboat, otherwise known as a water-wagon, and made civilization the possible or impossible thing that it is to-day. If it hadn't been for Noah there would be no child labor or multi-millionaires. Every little houseboat has a leaning of its own.

Cleopatra was the first woman who owned a houseboat. The oldest houseboat, however, is owned and run by a man named Charon. He spends his time in nagging his guests, all of whom are transients.



RULES FOR MEETING
ALWAYS STAY IN ONE PLACE

Not Exactly in the Footsteps of the Master



PERHAPS Canon Chase, of Brooklyn, is a good man. The fact that he is a clergyman and has a license from the Episcopal Church to preach the gospel is some evidence of his goodness. On the other hand, his relentless and persistent efforts to get someone sent to prison for making bets on the races argue a vindictiveness and persecuting spirit hard to reconcile with the teachings of Christianity.

The general feeling seems to be just now that the friends of the horse are being made the victims of a persecuting crusade. The zeal of the enemies of racing has led them into attempts to enforce

the laws, not as they stand on the statute books, but as Canon Chase thinks they ought to be. The Canon and his lawyers and detectives haunt the racetracks, and arrests are made at their instigation, only to have the

arrested men turned loose as soon as they are brought before a magistrate. The courts have decided invariably against Canon Chase's interpretation of the law. His continued activity and that of his hired agents begin to savor of oppression, using the word in its legal sense.

Governor Sulzer has held the proper officials strictly to their duty in this matter. It might be well for him also to remember that citizens of the State are entitled to protection from frivolous arrest as well as punishment for crime.

It might be harsh to suggest that Canon Chase's activities are incited less by the gentle teachings of Christianity than by an itch for notoriety, but unfortunately his methods furnish a basis for that suggestion.

Monument to O. Henry!

WE wonder if the friends of O. Henry—that extremely clever writer of short stories—are doing the best thing for his memory, or for the rest of us, in erecting a monument to him in his native State. This monument, we understand, is now assured.

Was it not Cato who said that he would rather have posterity inquire why a monument had not been erected for him, rather than to ask why one had been?

There is always a danger of pushing the monument idea too far into the ground.

Coming

July 24—Anniversary of the founding of Salt Lake City, Utah. The city of a thousand mothers-in-law. A great boon to the early humorists. Possibly responsible for the first mother-in-law joke, though the charge has never been proved.

July 25—"A Night in Venice," Asbury Park, N. J. See Europe in America first! In order strictly to maintain the local color of the real Venice, gasoline gondolas will be used.

Annual convention of Volunteer Firemen's Association, Bolivar, N. Y. Several exhibition fires will be fought, unless the weather proves too warm.

Anniversary of the landing of American troops at Porto Rico. This occurred before Secretary Bryan and Mr. Carnegie seriously decided upon world-wide peace.

Sixteenth annual camp of the Holiness Denomination, Holiness Camp Ground, Denton, Md. Missionaries from Japan and Africa are expected to be present. Conditions in our prisons, however, will remain as bad as usual.

Annual 200-mile motorboat race, Maryland Motorboat Club. It is expected that about twenty boats will start. Which is considerable expectation, regarding the general disposition of motorboats.

July 26—Reception to Indiana Automobile Manufacturers' Association, Oakland, Cal. The automobilists will be tendered the keys of the city. Many taxicab companies prefer a jimmy. (Merely a matter of professional pride.)

The English polo season closes. A feeling of incalculable loss is experienced in the London slums.

Primary Election Day in Texas. Governor William Sulzer of New York, and Mr. Charles F. Murphy, of Ireland and Tammany Hall, have been invited to render a duet entitled, "How We Toiled for Primaries Back Home."

Annual Outing of Letter Carriers, Cincinnati, Ohio. Carriers collecting holiday packages may return home by parcels post.

Scotch Games, Buffalo, N. Y. After consulting various illustrations of Scotch costume, Mr. Anthony Comstock's temperature has risen several degrees.

July 27—Opening session of the School of Methods for Sunday School Workers, Lakeside, Ohio. It has been rumored that Mr. John D. Rockefeller will deliver a course of lectures on "How I Started a Sunday School with Ten Cents a Week."

Anniversary of the laying of the Atlantic cable, 1866. A prehistoric contrivance used by American

newspapers to secure the details of the latest Parisian scandal. Later displaced by wireless telegraphy and Christian Science.

Anniversary of the organization of Alaska Territory. The Guggenheims will hold a meeting of praise and thanksgiving. Mr. Jack London, who discovered Alaska, will commemorate that event by writing several new novels.

Dedication of a million-dollar Industrial and Academic Home for Orphans, Aurora, Ill. An absurd amount to spend on orphans, when many of our best families are compelled to struggle along in cottages at Newport, Tuxedo, etc.

July 28—Sixth Annual Convention of the National Association of Real Estate Exchanges of America, Winnipeg, Canada. The expenses of the convention will be charged to the Unearned Increment.

Motorboat Races to be held in connection with the Perry Centennial, Put-in-Bay, Ohio. Valuable prizes have been contributed. The prizes for the original Perry celebration were provided quite extemporaneously by the British Empire.

Start of the Galveston Automobile Races, Galveston, Texas. Extra mufflers will be used to prevent any possibility of a sympathetic outburst in the vicinity of the Mexican border.

The Tall Cedars of Lebanon will hold their annual reunion at Wilmington, Del. The public is at last informed as to the whereabouts of the well-known and oft-quoted "tall timber." Retiring politicians please note.

Anniversary of the signing of the treaty with Japan, 1858. A contractual document that has managed to survive

the stentorian patriotism of certain newspapers.

Anniversary of the arrest of Police Lieutenant Charles Becker, of the New York police force, who was later sentenced to the electric chair for murder. And who is still alive and well.

July 30—County Durham Dog Show, Sunderland, England. A special caterer has been secured to serve the dogs. One of the advantages of being a dog in England.

Second attack upon Washington of the Women's Suffrage Army. President Wilson will do his best to hold the army in check until Mayor Gaynor can find husbands enough to go around.

Anniversary of the ascension to the throne of Yoshito, Emperor of Japan, 1912. During the past year the Emperor has discovered that this Mikado business is not what the comic operas promised.

Grand National Public Archery Competition at Edgbaston, England. Ancient method of warfare extensively used by ladies in the pursuit of a husband. Now largely discarded for platonic friendships and the slashed skirt.

Mozart Festival at Munich, Germany. Because of the sentiment against talking during the performance, many Americans are planning to omit the festival.

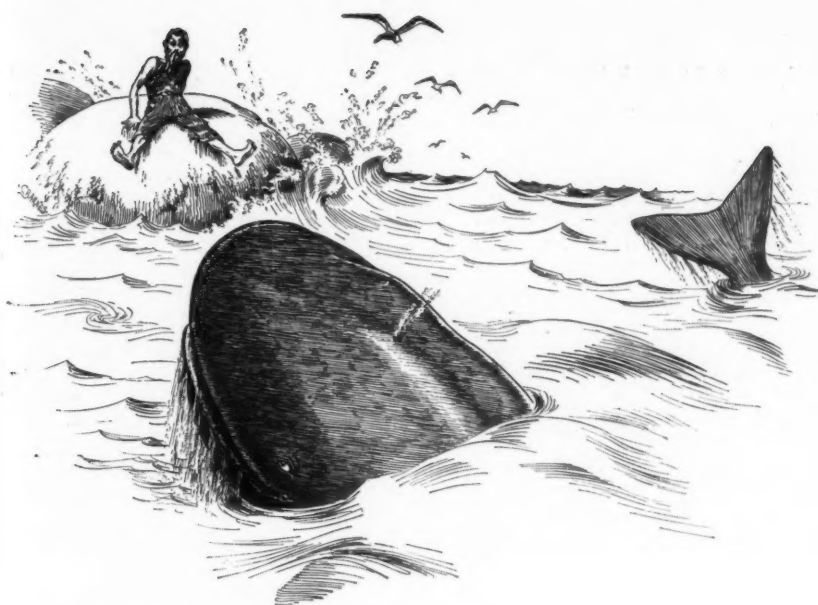
Let There Be the Right Kind of Light

SCIENCE and Psychology have done many remarkable and useful things. How admirable it would be if they could combine and stimulate the proprietors of summer resort hotels to furnish proper light for reading at night! At present these gentlemen have formed a combination in restraint of light. It seems singular, in view of the extraordinary efforts made by publishers generally, to tempt people to read, that some of their energies should not have been expended upon summer hotels.

Gas, electricity and acetylene are common enough. Every resort, no matter how humble, is supplied with one of these three forces. Neither is it a matter of expense. The main difficulty lies with the owner himself. His jets, generally placed as high as possible, all point up. The simple idea of having a light that points down, with a rounded surface above that diffuses this light over the page, has never occurred to these unpedantic individuals.



"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"



Jonah: THANKS, OLD MAN! NOW WOULD YOU MIND THROWING UP MY HAT AND SHOES ALSO?

War or Peace?

FOR the best original arraignment of war in five hundred words or less, LIFE will pay three hundred dollars. The contributions as they are received will be passed upon and such as are accepted for publication will be paid for at five cents a word. The one which the editors of LIFE consider the best of all the contributions accepted will receive the prize of three hundred dollars. The competition begins at once.

The accepted manuscript will be published in the War Number of LIFE, to be issued the first week in October. This number will be the best pictorial and satirical arraignment of war that it is possible for LIFE to publish. It will present the case against war from our own standpoint.

The conditions of the contest are as follows:

No manuscript shall exceed five hundred words in length.

Any number of manuscripts on the subject can be sent in by one contributor.

The name and address of each contestant should be placed upon the manuscript, which preferably should be typewritten.

All those manuscripts which are not acceptable will be returned if accompanied by postage.

The contest will close on Saturday, August Thirtieth. No manuscript received after noon on that date will be considered.

All contributions should be addressed to the Editor of LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York City; and "War Contest" should be put in the lower left-hand corner of the envelope.

Forgiveness

NO matter, dear! Let the tears dry,
Only the anger past the sigh
Would live to agonize you yet—
Weep and forget!

Let the tears fall upon the smart,
Till in the garden of the heart
Forgiveness blooms where sprang regret—
Weep and forget!

Though it is bitter thus to stay
Beneath despondency's slow sway,
Revenge alone can solace fret—
Weep and forget!

No matter, dear! Let the tear fall;
The day's work passes, great and small,
In charity all pleas are met—
Weep and forget!

L. L. E.



Editor: I CAN'T USE THIS. AM AFRAID YOUR WORK IS NOT JUST IN OUR LINE.

A Sad Case



"BE prepared for a shock."

Mrs. Dollby had been waiting impatiently for her husband for some time; now that he had come, she could not restrain herself.

"It's about Adele," she said brokenly.

"Adele," repeated her husband, who mentioned his daughter's

name as if she were a stranger. The fact was that this gentleman was intensely busy and was not on the most intimate terms with all of the members of his family.

"What has Adele been doing?" he continued.

Mrs. Dollby regarded him with scorn.

"Doing!" she cried. "Doing! That's just it. And the worst of the matter is she never will be doing anything. You haven't followed that girl closely, have you?"

"I presume not," stammered Dollby, who was embarrassed. "Go on," he said, "and tell me the whole story."

"Ah! That's just it! The fact is, I don't know it all myself. I am afraid to find it out. I suspect everything. She is not like other girls."

"Come now! No mystery. What do you suspect? Name one thing."

Mrs. Dollby lowered her voice.

"Adele has been taking cooking lessons," she whispered.

"How did you learn this?"

"Quite by accident. I noticed that she went out at regular intervals. Oh! the scandal of it!"

She buried her face in her hands. "If our friends should find this out!"

Dollby assumed an interest in the case. He felt that he ought to be sympathetic.

"Of course," he said, "if she has been taking cooking lessons, there is no knowing what else she has been doing."

Mrs. Dollby was calmer now.

"Have you noticed her clothes?" she asked.

"Not particularly; except that she

never seems to want too many of them."

"Ah! You have discovered it. She has been dressing for some time in the quietest manner; and I overheard her say that she would never ask you to spend on her more than you could afford. Think of it! It all comes from your refusing to send her to a finishing school—there she would have learned something."

"She knows something already," said Dollby. "But go on. What else do you suspect?"

"She is in love."

"With whom?"

"Ah! That's the most dreadful part. I am not sure but that in her condition of mind she is capable of anything. I fear it is that young fellow who has been calling here. He has never done a thing to attract attention to himself. He is perfectly and hopelessly respectable."

"This is terrible!" exclaimed Dollby. "Let's learn the truth. I will call her."

He went to the door.

"Adele!"

In a moment a rather pretty, simply dressed girl entered.

"You called me, father?"

"Yes. Your mother thinks that you are in danger. Is it true that you have been taking cooking lessons, and that you are in love with a perfectly respectable young man?"

Adele blushed.

"Yes, father."

Her father's voice trembled.

"Don't be afraid," he said gently.

"You may as well own up to the whole thing."

"Make a clean breast of it," said Mrs. Dollby brokenly.

Thus urged, Addie proceeded:

"Several months ago," she said, "I began to have a desire to lead a perfectly simple life. I wanted to have a little home of my own, which I could look after. I wanted to wash the dishes if need be, and to superintend the domestic details; I wanted to marry a young fellow who was making his way and who would let me help him. I lost my taste for trashy novels; suddenly gave up wanting to



"ABOVE HIS STATION"

go to the theatre; wanted to be dressed plainly, but respectably, of course; and in fact, I began to conceive a passion to live the life of an old-time gentlewoman. I ask for nothing better than to live in a simple home, without ostentation, within our income, and to have no excitements beyond what a healthy human being ought to have."

Dollby turned to his wife.

"My dear," he said, "we shall have to accept this cross. Our daughter is different. They tell me, by some freak of heredity, that this sometimes happens. Adele has simply reverted to her grandmother."

At this Mrs. Dollby burst into tears.

"And to think," she sobbed, "that we can do nothing—that she will never know what it is to be an up-to-date American girl!"

T. L. M.



Hippo: DO YOU BELIEVE WE SHALL EXIST IN A FUTURE STATE?
 "WE CERTAINLY SHALL IF WE LET THE TAXIDERMIST GET US."

A Magazine Poem

(Two persons were required for the authorship of this poem, which was written upon monthly magazine specifications. Mr. James wrote the first line, Mr. Love the second, and so on alternately to the bitter end.)

Spume-flaked but fumeless on the pulsing air
 The leaden lower of Night was glowered in gloom,
 Emblazoning embolic futile flare
 Against a gruesome ghost atop its tomb.

Shaft-spined the Spirit City surged with sighs
 That beat like wind-whipped agonies of Eld,
 And noisome Night, now naked to the eyes,
 Shrank shuddering like a phantom awed and spelled.

Then thickening through the lassic threnodies
 The mewling murk made murmurous acclaim,
 And sickening stirred where Epimenides
 Belched dire contagion blent with blobbering shame.

But one cerulean cumuliferous cloud
 Besmears the shrinking welkin with distraught
 And dismal doddering whisper spoken loud
 To awesome caverns of tempestuous Thought.

W. H. James.
 Robertus Love.

What Do You Think?

We are Constantly in Receipt of Important Letters Which are Too Long for Our Limited Space. Brevity is Desirable

Hot Shot from Texas

DEAR LIFE:

If conceit were consumption you would have been buried and forgotten about the time of the Johnstown flood, and a mouldy but appropriate epitaph would read: "Here lies, and lies and lies."

Your periodical enjoys a large circulation and exerts considerable influence, especially with busy people, who accept your ideas and cartoons as depicted by you with reference to social, political, religious and current events as true conditions.

It is easy enough to sit in a big leather chair on the forty-second floor of some New York office building and shell the woods as you are prone to do, dictating to the United States and the world just how its affairs should be run. California, Alabama and the South seem to be your favorite targets, with an occasional fling at Catholicism and European affairs. The California people and legislature are the sufferers in the Japanese trouble and are familiar with conditions, and undoubtedly gave the matter considerable thought before taking the action they did; Alabama will work out her child labor proposition in due time, as this is a new feature that has just begun to confront itself to Alabama and other Southern States; but your last issue, regarding the South and her lynchings, was the last straw.

You no more understand the conditions in the South that cause and lead up to lynchings and the result thereof than a Chinese coolie understands aerial navigation. You are warped, shriveled and narrow-minded, LIFE, like most New Yorkers, who imagine nothing worth while or due any consideration that ex-

ists outside of the confines of Greater New York. Your circulation has outgrown your common sense, and you attempt to apply national problems to your own local conditions.

We are all, of course, justly proud of New York, but charity begins at home, and you have plenty of raw material to work on at home without shooting at random and manufacturing evidence that works out theoretically only.

The South, as I understand it, shows the biggest subscription to your paper in the country, pro rata, so why not show your appreciation by giving it a square deal?

Very truly,

B. H. L.

DALLAS, TEXAS,
June 12, 1913.

Another Kind of Abstainer

EDITOR OF LIFE:

The malicious, vindictive letter in your issue of June 19, from the pen of "An Abstainer," abusing you for daring to comment on Captain Hobson's latest scheme for keeping in the limelight and increasing his wealth, was, in a sense, amusing, but hardly worthy of the space you gave it.

We hope you will dodge some of the horrible punishments which "Abstainer" in his righteous spasm is praying his gods to send you; meanwhile let us hope that "Abstainer" may, before taking part in another exchange of opinions through your columns, cultivate a little charity, swallow his impression that he has been endowed with wisdom and charged with the responsibility of judging and damning those of us who differ with him. Then, if he *must* write, let

him read what he has written after he has allowed himself to cool off. Such narrow, heated and un-Christianlike explosions in the name of "Temperance" hurt the cause and remind one of the little dog that bayed the moon.

"Your enemy, An Abstainer," can hardly be blamed for failing to subscribe his name to such an abusive letter, but we recognize the family; eyes too close together, etc., etc.

Your friend,

CURTIS HARRISON

(Also an abstainer).

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.,
June 17, 1913.

We Apologize

THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

I'm going back to rather an early date to criticize, but in your issue of February 13 you have an article in which appears a sentence, and several allusions, which really merit a caustic reply.

Under the head of "Nature and Style," someone says: "In the Sandwich Islands the ladies who move in the best society wear scarcely more than an entrancing smile," etc., etc.

I like your satirical articles; I have enjoyed your fun and witticisms for years; I appreciate the need of an "instance" to prove a point—but please make your tenses right, at least.

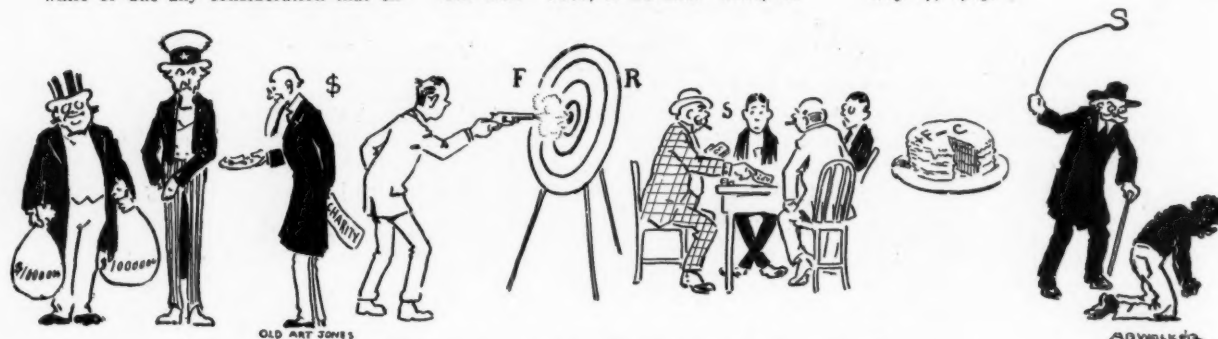
The "aboriginal" Sandwich Islander probably often wore less than a smile on even state occasions—but the people of this territory for over sixty years, anyhow, and surely to-day, who move in any kind of society dress and act much as New Yorkers do. (It may be a pity, at that!)

The reason I take exception to the article is because it creates a false impression of the Hawaii of to-day.

Very truly yours,

EDW. W. P. ST. GEORGE.

HONOLULU, T. H.,
May 27, 1913.



THE ANSWER TO THIS REBUS WILL BE PUBLISHED IN NEXT WEEK'S LIFE



Dear Ancestors

Two close-fisted Missouri brothers sued a neighbor for three hundred and seventy-five dollars owing on a land deal. They engaged the best lawyer in their county-seat.

The lawyer won the case. The brothers called to see about his fee. One stayed outside and the other went in.

"How much is it?" he asked.

"Well," said the lawyer, "I won't be hard on you. I have known both you boys since you were children, and I knew your pap. I guess three hundred dollars will be about right."

The inquiring brother went out dazed.

"Lordy, George," he said to the one outside, "I'm durn glad he didn't know grandpap too!"—*Saturday Evening Post.*

INQUIRING SON: Papa, what is reason?

FOND PARENT: Reason, my boy, is that which enables a man to determine what is right.

INQUIRING SON: And what is instinct?

FOND PARENT: Instinct is that which tells a woman she is right, whether she is or not.—*Tit-Bits.*



INSIDE INFORMATION

Couldn't Matter Much

Mrs. Breen had talked enthusiastically of the largely advertised fire sale which was to take place in one of the downtown department stores. That evening when her husband came home he looked about at a number of bundles which were lying on a table.

"Well, Mabel, what did you find at that wonderful fire sale?" he inquired.

"Oh, Will, I got some of the loveliest silk stockings at twenty-four cents a pair! There isn't a thing the matter with them, except that the feet are burned off."

—*Harper's Magazine.*

Painting the Lily

A church in Illinois decided to send a box of Christmas gifts to a negro school for girls in Mississippi. The pastor urged the members of the congregation to bring useful gifts. On the night the box was packed it developed that three of the young ladies of the congregation had brought curling irons!

—*Saturday Evening Post.*

"I enjoyed the Boston barbers."

"How so?"

"They discussed ethical questions instead of hair tonic."

—*Washington Herald.*

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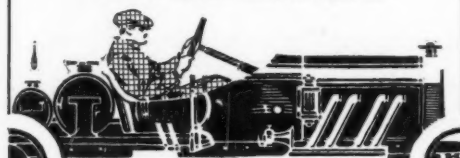
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Affection

Just as we have become too sensitive to bear the rawness of pure color, so have we become too sensitive to bear the rawness of pure affection. We consider persons vulgar who wear blood-red, grass-green, burning yellows and blues—persons of undeveloped feeling and taste. So also we begin to think people vulgar who are prone to live by any simple emotions. We hold them undeveloped. We don't want the real thing. No; we want shades, tones—imperceptible tones, ethereal shades. Even in books the raw emotion has become distasteful, savage.

Lafcadio Hearn.

CUSTOMER: But is he a good bird? I mean, I hope he doesn't use dreadful language.

DEALER: 'E's a saint, lady; sings 'ymns beautiful. I 'ad some parrots wot used to swear something awful, but, if you'll believe me, this 'ere bird converted the lot.—*London Bystander.*

Clerical Wits: Past and Present

Rabelais was a monk long before he wrote his drolleries, but that he was a humorist first is evidenced by the many practical jokes which brought down upon him the punishment of his spiritual superiors. In his case the priestly profession became too confined for his talents and he made a better doctor of the body than he had been of the soul, but it was his career as a wit that brings him fame into our day. His Gargantuan stories stand as his record, and their grim, brave humor reflects the man; that they read coarse to us is merely the accident of their age. Rabelais hit hard, but fierce irony was a necessary weapon of the time. Dean Swift's biting satire needs mention only. He possessed the wit that was Rabelaisian without the personal virtue of the Frenchman.

The pulpit is not immune from wit in our own day, but seldom takes the personal form of a certain divine who, preaching a university sermon at Oxford, ended abruptly by remarking that he "saw it was time to shutte hys booke because the Doctor's men had now come, wiping their beards, from the alehouse," referring thus to the custom of the mace bearers, who were wont to repair to a neighboring public house during the preaching, returning only when they thought it was nearly over.

A reference of slightly varying character was that of an old Lanarkshire minister who read out for his text the verse in the Psalms, "I said in my haste, 'all men are liars,'" and then proceeded to give his sermon in the form of an apostrophe, thus: "Ay, David, ye said it in your haste, did ye? If ye had lived in this parish, ye might have said it at your leisure!"

Laughter savors life and wit will endure long after many of the old priestly functions have fallen into desuetude; manners and ideas alter, but the basis of humor remains the same. To-day Rabelais conceivably could have written the "Ingoldsby Legends," and in the fifteenth century Barham might have been the author of "The Inestimable Life of the Great Gargantua." To-day a young cleric, preaching his first sermon, has the native wit to take for his text, "What hath this babbler to say?"

—*The London Globe.*

341 LEMON DISH

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Don'ts for Summer

DON'T forget to leave off your overcoat. A careful observance of this rule will be found to be exceedingly conducive to the acceleration of the evaporation of the perspiration.

Don't become heated. There are several excellent ways to keep cool, any one or all of which we heartily recommend. It is becoming heated in summer that causes by far the largest part of the discomfort.

Don't keep your head under water too long while in swimming, unless you are wearing a diver's helmet. The exigencies of the human physiology require continuous and relatively regular connection of the respiratory orifices with the oxygen of the atmosphere.

Don't have a fire in the furnace except for Turkish baths, drying paint, entertaining Boston ladies, etc. Furnace fires in the summer tend to raise the temperature.


E. O. J.

The Man who put the EEs in FEET

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OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES**The Predicament of a Suffragist**

A well-known university professor who has taken much interest in the woman's suffrage movement was persuaded to carry a banner in a parade that was held in New York some months ago.

His wife observed him marching with a dejected air and carrying his banner so that it hung limply on its standard, and later she reproved him for not making a better appearance.

"Why didn't you march like somebody and let people see your banner?" she said.

"My dear," meekly replied the professor, "did you see what was on the banner? It read, 'Any man can vote. Why can't I?'"—*Youth's Companion*.

Utilizing the By-Product

"James," said the efficiency expert, annoyed by the cheerful habit which his chauffeur had of whistling while at his work, "you should remember that the greatest fortunes nowadays are made from the by-products of waste. Hereafter when you whistle, whistle in the tires and save me the expense of a pump."—*Harper's Weekly*.

"I say, Major, what's good for influenza besides whiskey?"

"Good gad, sir! Who cares?"

—*London Opinion*.

He Took Chances

A judge in a Western town had declared that he would stop the carrying of firearms on the street. Before him appeared for trial a tough youth charged with getting drunk and firing his revolver in a crowded street.

"Twenty dollars and costs," said the magistrate.

"But, your honor," interposed counsel for the prisoner, "my client did not hit anybody."

"Why, you admit that he fired the gun?"

"Yes, but he fired it into the air," explained the lawyer.

"Twenty dollars and costs," repeated the judge. "He might have shot an angel."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

Boosting the Outcast

"But do you think these so-called settlements really do any good to the people who live down there?"

"Well, I should just say they do! When Miss Climber was openly trying to break into society she was a pariah, but since she took that Girls' Club at St. Cuthbert's she's been asked to eight exclusive teas, twelve ditto receptions, two balls, and has almost had a proposal from a millionaire."—*The Masses*.

ARE YOU GOING TO MOVE?

If you are, or if you have done so recently, don't forget to notify LIFE of your changed address.

The Post-Office will not forward a periodical as it will a letter. Therefore each week's delay means a copy of LIFE lost. Don't wait until you have moved before you notify us. When ordering a change give the old as well as the new address.

Notice must reach us by Thursday to affect the following week's issue.

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A Home Talk

HUSBAND: You can put this down as settled, if I ever get out of it you will never catch me in matrimony again.

WIFE: You won't if you depend on me for reference.—*Public Ledger*.

The piquancy of a Sherbet is attained by using a dash of Abbott's Bitters. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

"DOBBLEDAY seems to think himself a very important person."

"Why, he can't even stand on a street corner and wait for a trolley car without putting on as many airs as if he were laying a cornerstone."

—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.



"I BET A NICKEL I WEIGH MORE'N YOU DO, MICK."

"I'LL GO YE, BUT YE GOT TO TAKE OFF YER HAT AN' COAT AN' WASH YER HANDS AN' FACE FOIST."



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Stolen from Life

The eminent gentlemen who annually dredge the Thames in search of proof that Bacon wrote Shakespeare have been too busy to extract the following "cipher" from the works of the Bard of Avon, although it might be said to carry the most damaging evidence of literary piracy against the self-confessed "unlettered clerk."

Sometimes like apes that moe and chatter at me.

The Tempest.

To let him spend his time no more at home.

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

O ut, alas, here comes my master!

Merry Wives of Windsor.

L et them work.

Measure for Measure.

E ven now, even here, not half an hour since.

Comedy of Errors.

N o more words; the clerk is answered.

Much Ado About Nothing.

F it in his place and time.

Love's Labor Lost.

R eason becomes the marshal to my will.

Midsummer Night's Dream.

O nly attended by Nerissa here.

Merchant of Venice.

M y master is of churlish disposition.

As You Like It.

L et's be no stoics nor no stocks, I pray.

Taming of the Shrew.

I would it were hell-pains for thy sake.

All's Well That Ends Well.

F etch him off, I pray you.

Twelfth Night.

E ven with such life of majesty.

Winter's Tale.

F. H. M.

Who Was Good

"Mamma tells me you have not been spanked all day, Jane," said the father upon his return home. "So you've been a good little girl all day?"

"It isn't that. It is mother who has been angelic all day."

—Ladies' Home Journal.

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Sunlight grows hops, but spoils the beer.

"Beer acted upon by light soon takes up the very disagreeable, so-called 'light taste,' and also a repulsive, skunk-like odor,"

says no less an authority than the Wahl-Henius Institute of Fermentology, the scientific authorities on the subject. "Beer so affected," they say, "is offensive to the palate of most consumers."

Light starts decay even in pure beer. Dark glass gives the best protection against light. The Brown Bottle protects Schlitz purity from the brewery to your glass.

Why don't you, too, drink Schlitz? More and more people every year are demanding it.

We started in a hut. Today our agencies dot the earth. Our output exceeds a million barrels a year.

Schlitz

The Beer

That Made Milwaukee Famous

See that crown or
cork is branded
"Schlitz."

29-M



A Good Scotch Story

The following Scotch tale is one of President Wilson's favorites:

A Scotchman was strolling through the market place in Glasgow one day and close at his heels followed his faithful collie. Attracted by a fine display of shell and other fish the Scot stopped to admire, perhaps to purchase. The dog stood by, gently wagging its tail, while its master engaged the fishmonger in conversation.

Unfortunately for the beastie its tail dropped for a moment over a big basket

ful of fine, live lobsters. Instantly one of the largest lobsters snapped its claws on the tail, and the surprised collie dashed off through the market, yelping with pain, while the lobster hung on grimly, though dashed violently from side to side. The fishmonger for a moment was speechless with indignation; then, turning to his prospective customer, he bawled:

"Mon! mon! whistle to yer dog, whistle to yer dog!"

"Hoots, mon," returned the other complacently, "whistle to yer lobster!"

—New York World

Oratory

CAN a successful orator be intelligent and keep it up? Opinions differ. The tendency of oratory to make those who indulge in it more progressively unintelligent is no accident. There is always a law of compensation working somewhere. It is usual to assume that a successful speech is something intellectual—something which, if it does not actually make people think, moves them to

think, and is supposed to have the same kind of effect as the reading of a good book, or, in fact, as doing anything mentally improving.

Great oratory consists solely in being able to hit upon the combined feelings of a number of people in such a way that they are all aroused together. A great orator is a vaudeville performer who uses words for scenery. When he has finished his work of deceiving you into the belief that you have been acquiring something men-



"The White Linen Nurse was so tired that her noble expression ached."

THE AUGUST CENTURY

will have the first chapters (a *long* installment) of "The White Linen Nurse," the new novel by Eleanor Hallowell Abbott, author of "Molly Make-Believe,"—the most audaciously brilliant fiction feature of the year.

Among other features in the August Century

THE FIRST VOYAGE OVER

By THEODORE DREISER, author of "Jennie Gerhardt," etc. The observations and impressions of a naively sophisticated traveler at forty.

IF CANADA WERE TO ANNEX THE UNITED STATES

By JAMES DAVENPORT WHELPLEY, an authority on trade.

BRITISH UNCOMMUNICATIVENESS

By A. C. BENSON, author of "From a College Window."

AMERICAN MAKERS OF THE NEW JAPAN

By WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS, author of "The Japanese Nation in Evolution."

The August Century will be for sale on all news-stands July 22.

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The Bouquet of Age

Old Overholt Rye
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"Mellow as old recollections; fragrant as the rose of yesterday." The whiskey that has retained its reputation for over a century. Aged in wood and bottled in bond.

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Pittsburgh, Pa.

tally useful, then you hear people say: "Wasn't he awfully good? I think he was perfectly splendid! I wouldn't have missed it for anything!"

CONDUCTOR: Madam, that child looks older than three years.

MOTHER: Yes, indeed he does, conductor. That child has had a lot of trouble.—Everybody's.



THE WAITER BECOMES A VESTRYMAN

My Conscience

Sometimes my Conscience says, says he,
 "Don't you know me?"
 And I, says I, skeered through and
 through,
 "Of course I do.
 You air a nice chap ever' way,
 I'm here to say!
 You make me cry—you make me pray,
 And all them good things thataway—
 That is, at *night*. Where do you stay
 Durin' the day?"

And then my Conscience says, onc't
 more,
 "You know me—shore?"
 "Oh, yes," says I, a-trimblin' faint,
 "You're jes' a saint!
 Your ways is all so holy-right,
 I love you better ever' night
 You come around—'tel plum daylight,
 When you air out o' sight!"

And then my Conscience sort o' grits
 His teeth, and spits
 On his two hands and grabs, of course,
 Some old remorse,
 And beats me with the big butt-end
 O' that thing—'tel my closest friend
 'Ud hardly know me. "Now," says he,
 "Be keerful as you'd orto be
 And *allus* think o' me!"
 —James Whitcomb Riley, in the *Century*.

A Clincher

The American chorus girl, who is now
 invading London with great success, is
 nothing if not up to date. Mr. George
 Arliss, whose performances in "Dis-
 raeli" are arousing so much interest,
 illustrates this with a story.

"You are behind the times over
 here," said a pink and pretty American
 show girl. "Why, I notice that 'Twelfth
 Night' is playing in one of the Strand
 theatres and we had that two years ago
 on Broadway."—Lippincott's.

The greatest curse which can be en-
 tailed upon mankind is a state of war.
 All the atrocious crimes committed in
 years of peace—all that is spent in peace
 by the secret corruptions, and by the
 thoughtless extravagance of nations, are
 mere trifles compared with the gigantic
 evils which stalk over the world in a
 state of war.—Sydney Smith.



The utmost in
 Workmanship

EGYPTIAN
DEITIES
 The Utmost in Cigarettes
 Cork Tips or Plain

Ingersoll on Tobacco

The *Kansas City Star* recently re-
 published, by special request, the follow-
 ing—Robert G. Ingersoll's famous tribute
 to tobacco:

"These leaves make friends and cele-
 brate with gentle rites the vows of peace.
 They have given consolation to the
 world. They are the companions of the
 lonely, the friends of the imprisoned, of
 the exile, of workers in mines, of fellers
 of forests, of sailors on the deep seas.
 They are givers of strength and calm
 to the vexed and wearied minds of those
 who build with thought and brain the
 temples of the soul. They tell of hope
 and rest. They smooth the wrinkled
 brows of care; drive fear and strange
 misshapen dreads from out of the mind
 and fill the heart with rest and peace.
 Within their magic warp and woof some
 potent, gracious spell imprisoned lies,
 that, when released by fire, doth softly
 steal within the fortress of the brain
 and bind in sleep the captured senti-
 nels of care and grief. These leaves are
 the friends of the fireside, and their
 smokelike incense rises from myriads of
 happy homes. Cuba is the smile of the
 sea."

A Happy Marriage

Depends largely on a
 knowledge of the whole
 truth about self and sex
 and their relation to life
 and health. This knowl-
 edge does not come in-
 telligently of itself, nor
 correctly from ordinary,
 every-day sources.

SEXOLOGY

(Illustrated)

by William H. Walling, A.M., M.D., imparts in a clear
 wholesome way in one volume

Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
 Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have.
 Knowledge a Father Should Have.
 Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.
 Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.
 Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.
 Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.
 Knowledge a Mother Should Have.
 Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.
 Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

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Mrs. Microbe: MY DEAR, THIS MUST
 BE THAT VACANT FLAT WE SAW ADVER-
 TISED.



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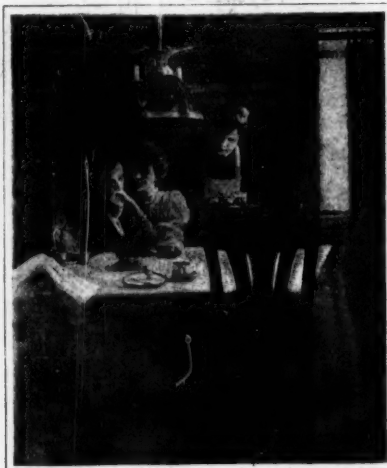


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When care and I are leagues apart,
A gentle phantom steals and lays
A tender hand upon my heart."

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A New Office

WHAT is needed greatly in every small town is a public sympathizer; this is along the line of the greatest efficiency.

At present, all over the country, many of us are obliged to sympathize with other people. One person who needs sympathy gets it from a whole circle. This is a great waste of energy.

Now, in every small town there is always one person who has a lovely disposition and a great capacity to listen. Why not appoint this person as a public sympathizer, so that all of the other people can come to her and tell her their troubles? She could have regular office hours, and receive a proper salary, and take a much-needed vacation in the summer time to recuperate.

There is a real necessity for sympathy. We all need it at times, more or less. The benefit which we get from others lies more in the mere fact that they are willing to listen to us. If we can pour into another's ears our own troubles, that alone is enough, oftentimes, to furnish relief.

Consequently, if this whole affair were put upon a business basis, many people who now need sympathy, and who are too shy to ask for it, could get it.

Putting it on a commercial basis need not be any detriment; practically everything else is on a commercial basis. There is no reason why we should not get just as much benefit by paying a public sympathizer two dollars an hour to listen to us as if we inflicted ourselves on some worn-out friend. In fact, the benefit ought to be much greater, because the public sympathizer would rapidly become a specialist in her line, and her reputation would depend upon giving the proper return.

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DEAF

is to the ears what glasses are to the eyes. Invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Anyone can adjust it."

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Love

I KNOW not how, but martial men are given to love; I think it is but as they are given to wine; for perils commonly ask to be paid in pleasures. There is in man's nature a secret inclination and motion towards love of others, which if it be not spent upon some one or a few, doth naturally spread itself towards many, and maketh men become humane and charitable; as it is seen sometime in friars. Nuptial love maketh mankind; friendly love perfecteth it; but wanton love corrupteth and embaseth it.

—Bacon.

"WHY don't you join in cleaning up our fair city?"

"What's the use? The suburbanites will track mud right into town again."

—Baltimore American.



"YES, SUH, DIS AM DE MOS' PROGRESSIVE CENTURY EVAH KNOWN! FLYIN' MACHINES, 'LECTRIC LIGHTS, AN' ALL OUR WONNERFUL DISCOVERIES. WHY, EF OUAH ANCESTORS WOULD COME TO LIFE, DEY'D SAY YOU AN' ME WAS WITCHES AN' WANTER BURN US!"

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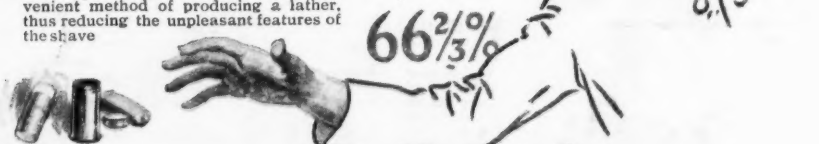
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Gibson's

First came the Safety Razor, eliminating the dull blade and all danger of cutting oneself. And this reduced the discomfort of shaving



Next came the stick, the powder, and the cream, providing a more and more convenient method of producing a lather, thus reducing the unpleasant features of the shave



Now comes the shave of 100% delight

A new kind of shaving cream that puts an end to all smarting and irritation of the skin—providing a quick, easy, comfortable shave for even the man with the tenderest skin or the toughest beard.



MENNEN'S New Shaving Cream

Contains no free caustic—requires no "rubbing in"

What the free caustic does to your face

Free caustic is found in most shaving soaps, due either to poor manufacture, or fear of the soap getting super-fat and going rancid. That free caustic, though it may be minute, soon gets into your pores, causes that terrible smarting, and proceeds to unite with the oils of your skin, making a sort of soap; clogs the pores, and blackheads, pimples, blotches, etc., result.

What the "rubbing in" does to your face

"Rubbing in" does more harm than good—it opens up the pores, allowing the free caustic to get in, and then it puts all the myriads of blood vessels in action, bringing the blood right to the surface of the skin, and then you run your razor over the top of them—is it any wonder that the operation is painful?

How Mennen has ended these twin discomforts

By a distinctively new process the Mennen Company have produced a shaving cream that is without the slightest trace of free caustic. It produces a quick, generous lather that softens the beard without the necessity for rubbing it in. No matter how tough or wiry your beard—how tender or sore your skin—you can now shave quickly and

without the slightest discomfort. Even with a dull razor, there is none of that painful pulling sensation. Shaving, for the first time, has become a real delight.

100% Efficient

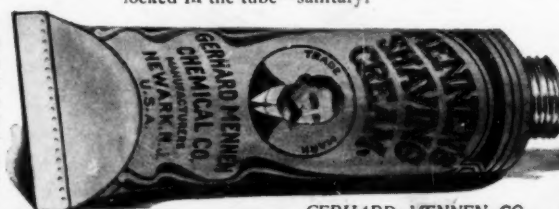
No lengthy working up of the lather. No mussy "rubbing in" with the fingers. Just a half inch of cream, a few strokes of the brush, and a generous lather—instantly.

100% Comfortable

No "rubbing in" to irritate the skin—no free caustic to burn and smart the face. A cool finish, and a healthy skin.

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The large, hexagonal screw top is "man's size." It fits the fingers; easy and quick to come off and go on. Can't roll away when you put it down—the cream is locked in the tube—sanitary.



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A half inch of cream, a few strokes of the brush, a perfect lather, and a clean smooth shave—Real Comfort.